

# THE OXFORD INTELLIGENCER.

HOWARD FALCONER,

\$2 Per Annum in Advance, or \$2 50 at the end of the Year.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 1.

OXFORD, MISS., WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1860.

NUMBER 6.

## THE INTELLIGENCER,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

HOWARD FALCONER,  
OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI.

Subscription price \$2 in advance, or \$2 50 at the end of the year.  
OFFICE—In the Masonic Building, upstairs, south side of the Public Square.

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From the New York Ledger.

### Scripture Poem—By N. P. Willis. DEATH OF RACHEL. (GENESIS XXXII.)

'Twas sunset, where Jerusalem should be,  
In ages yet to come; the golden glory,  
Even as 'twere a sunset of to-day,  
Kindling the firmament upon CALVARY,  
And Zion and Mount Zion—Jehovah,  
The darkness of Canaan's agony would fall  
When eighteen centuries should pass, tho' now  
Lifting their nameless summits to the sky—  
Points in a lone horizon, which, as yet,  
Enriched but eventless morn and eve.

And, journeying to behold, once more on earth,  
His father's face—low'd HEBRON, where abode  
Isaac his father—Jacob himself came;  
And southward from Mount Olivet, at noon,  
He stayed his people. And, with camels all  
Lest kneeling in the shade, that pilgrim tribe  
Gathered together as the hours came on—  
Sad, with hushed voices—for, within the tent  
Whose curtains fold, the tenderly withdrawn  
That she might look once more upon the West,  
Lay she to whom that sunset was the last,  
RACHEL, the beautiful. Beside her life,  
The child, new-born, whose light of life, thus  
Given,

Had been to her the darkening of her own—  
Death's farewell calm upon her senses falling  
With the spent anguish of the mother's pang.

And, as the glory of the West grew pale,  
The father of the child in sorrow born  
Rose from his prayer. The love that was to be,  
In its sweet secret, by the prophets writ—  
Told of, in scripture, as the first so find  
In the world's history—the faithful love  
Woke for a life with the one first love  
Upon that face so marvellously fair

When Jacob met his Rachel, at the well—  
This was the love that sent that voiceless prayer,  
With its sad lips unuttered but in tears,  
Thought-strings labored, unto the cry of God—  
Yet, all in vain! Oh, mystery of prayer!  
When he, whose angels wonderingly had seen  
To wrestle with his God and to prevail,  
Asked now the life-blood for his heart in vain!  
When suppliant, such as Jacob might lift up  
His face from earth in agony of woe,  
And, trembling, look upon the face beloved,  
To see if on that altar of his hope  
Life, in God's mercy, were rekindling now—  
Yet death still darkening o'er it!

As she lay  
Pale in her beauty, with her child new-born  
Lying beside her, RACHEL, who should be  
Best loved of women for a mother's love—  
Best loved of women in the days when men  
Saw as the angels, for God walked with them—  
RACHEL, the beautiful—once more the light  
Beamed through the raven tresses of her life,  
And her lips stirred once more. The languid look  
Slow wandered from her husband to her child.  
'Twas hard to die with life just made so sweet!  
What thought, with Death's near lifting of the veil,  
She saw, beyond the threshold of the grave,  
Scraps awaiting her, her new-born child  
Would be shut back by the retreating door  
Through which she thitherward must pass alone!  
And oh the joy lost to a mother's heart  
In looking on her infant child no more!

That rosy mouth's first breathing of a word—  
Music that were more ravishing to her  
Than the refrain of a cherubic hymn—  
Would not be hers to hear! The venturing step,  
As the fair boy should first kneel his hold  
Upon the stony living of his nurse's knee  
To run into his father's outspread arms;  
The little hand's first bending of the bow;  
The kindling of his eye with ardor first  
At the swift coursing of the hunter's steed;  
The beauty of the youth so like and tall  
As he should liken to the father more;

And then, as curled the beard upon his lip,  
Manhood and love would ripen at his heart—  
Without one memory of the mother's face  
Slow would ring in the grave, unseen of him!  
Such was the mingling of the bitter cup  
Held now unto the mother's lip to drink;  
And, with the struggle of life yielding pale,  
RACHEL gave way to sorrow. One loud wail,  
As on her couch convulsively she rose  
And took the sleeping babe into her arms—  
One pressure to her bosom of that son—  
(Dear to the world, her mother's instinct knew,  
Though it was yet unshaped, out of Heaven,  
That he should be progenitor of Christ)—  
One wild, shrill utterance from the mother's heart:  
"CHILD OF MY SORROW BE MY CALLER," she said,  
"BENONI BE HIS NAME!"—and RACHEL died.

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of  
her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the  
world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on  
the top, and then turns it over and skims the  
bottom."

"I didn't dare tell you, wife, before we were  
married, that my teeth are false." "I could get  
along with you well enough, husband, if your  
teeth were the only false thing you carry in your  
mouth."

## From Dickens' Household Words. Supernatural Zoology.

We open the first printed herbal, called the *Ortus Sanitatus*; it was published in the last years of the fifteenth century, and tells what was known, not of plants only, but also of birds, beasts, fishes, and stones, three or four hundred years ago. We have sketched in some back numbers of this journal the superstitions that formed part of the belief and science of our forefathers, so far as regards men and spirits, and fulfil now an exceedingly old promise by here setting down a natural zoology; for of the wonders of their botany it will be quite enough to speak in one short paragraph.

They figured in good faith the arbor vitae, or the lignum vite Paradisi, and stated that the flesh of any man who ate it would be firm forever, and that such a man would be exempt from every care. The wood of this tree is not destroyed but purified by fire.—Bittumen, floating on the Dead Sea, is also reckoned among plants, although it is defined to be the dung of demons. Butter ranks among herbs as the flower of milk, and cheese has a like privilege. It is said, by-the-by, that Zoroaster in the desert ate nothing but cheese for twenty years, and was during the whole time free from ache or pain. The Dipsanum or Bittanum is described and figured as a sort of mint growing in rocky places, and well known in Thessaly and Crete, which being eaten expels arrows or any steel or iron weapons from the body. Arrows shot into a goat by the hunter, if the goat nibbles dipsanum, are shot out again. Dew falling upon stones or plants congeals and produces manna. If gathered quickly it is green; if it remain long on the plant or stone it will acquire a whitish colour. Mandragora is male and female, and is figured with roots in the respective similitudes of a man and a woman. The plant itself, which is not fabulous, is described by Scapion and Dioscorides as having been used for the same purpose now answered by chloroform, before painful operations with the knife or actual cautery.

We say no more of botany, and will omit from our zoology all record of the fabulous properties ascribed to common things, as that the spittle of a young man kills scorpions, or that a toad being burnt to powder and the powder laid to itself there will be produced out of it a new toad, and not only one but many; or that to get rid of mice one should fling the house with the left hoof of a mule. We speak only of some of those animals that are no longer named in any volume of zoology. Such a creature is the Amphibian, which is a snake having a head in the right place and another where its tail should be. This animal, being particular about its eggs, holds up always one head to watch them while the other head sleeps. On the authority of Avicenna, it is stated, that to see or hear this animal is death, and that whatever it bites dissolves. The Cam is our old Arabian friend who drags his prey backwards into his cave, and used to exist not only in Virgil's poetry, but also in books of science. Cerastes was a serpent with four horns, of which knife handlers were made, that sweated when near poison. In the terrible old days of treachery and passion it was quite worth a man's while to have some means of testing the meat into which he ate.

The Cephus was a man below, a sort of dog above; this creature was never seen except at games in Rome given by Pompey. The Centaurs had the body of an ass, the legs and head of a lion, the voice of an ox, and a mouth splitting the head quite open from ear to ear. Dragon, the dragon, is no old acquaintance. In early books on zoology he is carefully described, and there is a good deal said about his medicinal properties. He lived in caves on account of the heat of his body, and was big enough in India to crack elephants, India being the great seat of an intermediate war between the elephants and dragons.—There is a stone in the dragon's head which is not a stone unless extricated when he is alive; after his death it ceases to be hard.—This stone is the chief glory and aid of Eastern kings. They cause dragons to be put to sleep with medicated grasses, and then stone them almost as easily as raisins. All things poisonous fly from a dragon's fat. The dragon's tongue taken in wine banishes the nightmare. The dragon's flesh is of a glassy colour and cools those who feed upon it; for this reason, the Ethiopians, who live in a hot country, prefer that sort of meat. For old acquaintance sake we have stopped some little time with the dragon, before passing on to the Draconopede. This is the serpent with a woman's head that tempted Eve.—Bede is of opinion that it showed only its allying face to Eve, and hid its serpent's body behind the trunk or among the leaves of the tree of knowledge. The Jaculus was a winged serpent that descended upon trees and killed by a look whatever lay beneath. Leviathan is the great hope on which the devil rides. It has terrible battles with the whale, and when they fight the fishes round about swim in a crowd round the whale's tail. If the whale is vanquished, all the fishes are devoured; if the Leviathan, or Levi, be baffled, he pours out of his throat a fearful stench, which the whale repels by squirting at it a great deal of water. In that case, the fishes, the whale's vassals, are saved by their feudal lord.

Mariconodon was a beast rarely seen, of about the bigness of a lion. It had a serpent's tail, a lion's feet, a man's head, and in its mouth three rows of teeth. It was of a reddish colour. Imitating the tones of the human voice, it invited the approach of men and then devoured them. Nepa was a serpent of which the female perished in the giving birth to young. The Onocentaur was the Bally Bottom of the old zoologist, he had an ass's head on a man's body.

A wonderful beast is the Pathyon, of which the heathens thought that it partook of the nature of divinity. It has a purple coat, all radiant with scintillating light. Its bones are wonderfully hard and strong, and its nerves can only be torn asunder with the greatest violence. The Pileons is a man with the hoofed feet of a beast; the blessed Hiero describes it in the life of Paul the Hermit. In the zoology of our forefathers, even the horse beloved of poets, Pegasus, was figured and described. After that, we need not be surprised at meeting also with the Pigmies, nature at the age of three years, old at seven; or at being told, as matter of science, how they ride on wild goats armed with arrows to make war against the cranes and capture eggs.

As there was no system preferable in those days, the arrangement of plants, beasts, birds, &c., was made alphabetical. In turning over the leaves of our book, we have looked from Pegasus to Pigmies, and now pause at Pectuculi, the curse upon man's head. They are either produced from perspiration, we learn, or exhaled through the pores of the skin.—They swarm in the heads of travellers, because in travel men perspire much and meet with a paucity of baths.

Turning on to letter R, we pause at Regulus, the basilisk. We find him discussed again under the head birds; for as he is partly cock and partly serpent, it is hard to know whether he is rightly bird or beast.—At the sight of him, the breath of him, or the sound of his hiss, men become drowsy and die. The fatal part of him when he kills by being looked at, are three hairs under his head. The basilisk is produced out of an egg laid by an aged cock and hatched in a dangle, or some say by a serpent, but this is uncertain. They who have seen the egg say that it has not a shell, but instead of a shell a skin so tough that it can scarcely be broken with a hatchet.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the well-known proof of the fine spirit of the Rhi-noceros, that he dies of grief when made a captive. The Salamander is depicted by the naturalist on a comfortable litter of fire. It is an animal without a spleen, and will live on the left side of the body. Pope Alexander had a robe made of the wool of this animal, which was not put into water but into fire when it wanted washing. We will hurry on to Unicorn, because the representation of that animal on the British arms as of equal size with the lion—although in other respects accurate—is calculated to give an exceedingly erroneous impression. The unicorn is quite a small animal, though noted for its strength.

Of course the many-headed Hydra is described with scientific accuracy, and that we may end the alphabet of beasts with a Z, let us speak of the Zebro. This beast, which is depicted throwing into the air three dogs at a time, and trampling on another, is so swift, that it turns round on its own dung as it is falling, and tosses it back to a great distance with its horns, in order that it may fall as a petard among, and suffocate the dogs by which he is pursued.

We will now treat of surprising birds, and briefly. The Bardiata are a sort of Barnacle geese, growing at sea on patrid wood, to which they hang by their beaks till they fall off. The books are, as it were, the stables by which they grow. The good bird, Jacobus Atheniensis, in a history of Eastern travel, says that he has seen such birds growing up on trees by the seashore, and hanging by the beak as pears hang by the stalk. The Carista is a little bird that flies unharmed through fire. Need it be said, that a few centuries ago, the zoologist included among birds bloodies and stagbeetles?

There was of course also Fenix, the Phoenix, dear still to insurance companies, though v by they love it we know not, since it is a type of nothing else but arson. This Arabian bird—there is but one—when old, collects aromatic herbs under a hot sun, and fans them into a flame with its own wings, and so burns itself up, with the direct purpose of rising again in an improved state from the ashes. Manifest arson, gentlemen of the Phoenix Fire Office! The new Phoenix first appears in the ashes as a worm, and grows rapidly; and this indubitable fact in natural history used to be taken as a proof of the resurrection. Of Grippes, the griffin, and his deeds in Hyperborean mountains, we need only say, that here he is among the other birds; here too is Harpia, the harpy. Then there is Merops, an earth-loving bird, that builds in the earth, and hides its eggs deep underground. "I have heard say," said a young owl, in one of Lessing's fables, "that there is a bird called Merops, which flies backwards with its head towards the ground. Can this be true?" "No, my child, that is a foolish invention of man. He himself may be such a Merops, for he would be too happy to fly up to heaven without leaving the earth an instant out of sight."

Is the Ovidian another of these human birds? His leading character is a great love for marrow-bones, which it takes up into the air and drops, when it desires to crack them and enjoy the marrow.

The story of the Pelican is not so wholly creditable to that bird as is most commonly supposed. Inhaling the waste places of Nile, it behaves cruelly to its young before it gives its blood for them. Our naturalist says that the young pelicans, when they begin to grow, beat their parents in the face. The angry parents strike again and slay them.—After which they sorrow for three days. On the third day, the mother strikes her rib, and opening her own side, bends over the dead little ones, and pours her blood upon them. By this they are restored to life. We dare not point out in an article of this description, what portions of the story of the pelican have caused that bird to be accepted as a Christian symbol.

The Piralis is a four-legged fly (and a fly is a bird) born out of the fire of ovens. The Porpichio is a two-legged bird, semi-aquatic, having one foot with free claws, and the other webbed.

We pass from birds to fishes; but the fancy of the old naturalist passed out of all ken, in treating of the wonders of the sea. There were sea-monsters, sea-wolves, sea-demons, and many more, pictured in books with a few fins and scales, as really horses, lions, hares, wolves, swine and locusts. There was the Chiton, with a man's head, living on nothing more than his own viscous humours.—There was the Balena, not so very like a whale, most cruel to its mate. There were those marvels, the dolphins, who swam about with their babies at the breast, and their eyes in their black bones, who dig graves for their deceased parents and friends, follow them in funeral procession, and bury them in submarine cemeteries, out of the way of the fishes. There was that strange fish the Dies, with two wings and two legs, which, in the perfect state, lived only for a day. There is the Phoca, which is the sea-ox, another oceanic brute, who is perpetually fighting with his wife until he kills her. Always remaining in the same spot, when he has killed one wife, he disposes of her body, and takes another, so playing Henry the Eighth to a series of wives, until he either dies himself, or finds a mate who is a match for him.

Whimsical as said of the sea-monster, cruel and deceptive monster, who lifts up a monk's cowled head out among the waves near shore, and with a man's cry seduces men to their destruction? We have seen enough to lose surprise at finding Nerids fully treated of as fishes, and even as Seylla and the Sirens, in treating of Sirens, the zoologist quotes Isidore's opinion, that the account of them is a fable of deceitful women, only to dispute it, upon the authority both of philosophers and holy men, who have regarded them as true sea monsters.

That we may close the list again at letter Z, let us name the Zifron, which was a fish carrying a knightly shield before its breast, and with a head like a knight's head in a helmet, with the visor down. Also the Zedrus, an enormous fish of the Arabians, with such vast bones that they were sawn into planks, as oak-trees are, and used for timber.

### Old Kense's Epitaph.

Many years ago there lived an old Indian, who had become quite a poet, having written some little pieces that attracted attention. He had been educated in one of the New England colleges, but subsequently partially relapsed into his former barbarous views. In latter life he travelled thro' the country, paying for his provisions and his whiskey by the exercise of his poetical talent. During one year of his tour he put up with a man by the name of Kense, who had long wished for an opportunity to get the old fellow to write his epitaph. Accordingly a bargain was struck. The Indian, with all the wariness of his tribe, stipulated that after he got his supper he should give one-half the epitaph, and the rest after he got his breakfast in the morning. Accordingly, after supper, he repeated the first instalment, which read thus:

"There was a man who died of late,  
For whom angels did impatient wait,  
With outstretched arms and wings of lore,  
To wait him to the realms above;  
But while disputing 'bout the prize—  
Still hovering round the lower skies—  
In slapping old Satan like a vessel,  
And down below he kicked poor Kense!"

As he finished he left, and old Kense after him; but the race was unequal, and the poet escaped. There is a gentle but glorious mission for every woman in the world. Every woman may be an ostentatious at work. In her own home improving, cheering, ministering to the comfort of those around her. And then she can go forth with her heart filled with loving sympathy, and gladden the home of the mourner; soothe the pillow of the sick; relieve the wants of the poor; and raise the clasped hands of the little child to Heaven as she teaches its lips to pray. Ever bearing with her the light of compassion in her eye, which shall enable her to draw near the sufferer; the cheering smile upon her lip, which shall be a passport to every home; and the gentle words upon her tongue, which shall fall like sweetest music upon the drooping spirit.

Nile, it behaves cruelly to its young before it gives its blood for them. Our naturalist says that the young pelicans, when they begin to grow, beat their parents in the face. The angry parents strike again and slay them.—After which they sorrow for three days. On the third day, the mother strikes her rib, and opening her own side, bends over the dead little ones, and pours her blood upon them. By this they are restored to life. We dare not point out in an article of this description, what portions of the story of the pelican have caused that bird to be accepted as a Christian symbol.

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### Personal Appearance of Literary People.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* gives the following pen-and-ink sketches of prominent literary people:

"Emerson looks like a ruined farmer, meditative and quiet; Longfellow like a good-natured beef-eater; Holmes like a ready-to-laugh little body wishing only to be 'as funny as he can.' Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome; Beecher, a ruddy, rolling body. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers; and thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American 'female' literature, in her prime (if we may believe her portrait) was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely; Mrs. Beecher Stowe, so ordinary in looks that she has been referred to Mrs. Stowe's 'Bridley.' Mrs. E. P. Ellet looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong; so has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been New York belle. Francis S. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful; Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite, unless her picture fits. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean, we find Madam De Staël was a sight; but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Landon pretty; Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, really beautiful. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in physique, is angular; and though she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggestive of a tombstone. Charlotte Bronte has a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But, if we look at British men of first-class craniums, Shakespeare and Milton were handsome. Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so were Goldsmith and Pope. Addison was tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay is homely; Bulwer, nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome, but, covered with jewelry, he can but look like a simpleton.

Not many years since (says *Fraser's Magazine*) certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and, for awhile, till it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there, the image of a fine sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death; the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized his face; a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgot. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people of course who were looking on; a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work it is to get up coal, or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment unmet for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago; but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

## Table Etiquette Five Centuries Ago.

The following, says the *National Intelligencer*, is taken from a manuscript entitled a *Book of Courtesy*, written five hundred years ago, before the invention of printing, but still preserved in the British Museum:

"Pare thy bread in two, the upper crust from the under. Cut the upper portion into four quarters, and set them together as if whole. Cut the lower crust into three, turn it down and lay it before thy trencher. Sit upright, nor touch bread or wine, drink or ale, until thy mess of meat be offered thee, lest men say thou art a glutton. Keep thy nails clean, lest thy neighbor be disgusted. Bite not thy bread and lay it down. That is not courteous to me in town; but break as much as thou wilt eat. The remnant for the poor thou shalt let.

"Eat in peace, and avoid disputes and games. Let never thy cheek be made too great. With morsel of bread that thou shalt eat; An ape's mouth men say he makes. That bread and flesh in his cheek takes.

"Do not laugh or speak with thy mouth full, nor sup thy potage noisily. Let not thy spoon stand in thy dish, nor lay it on thy dish-side, but cleanse it. Soil not the cloth with thy fingers. Wipe thy mouth ere drinking. Call not for a dish that has been taken from the board. Spit not on the board, nor play with thy dog."

From the direction relative to cleaning the nose at table, it seems pocket-handkerchiefs and napkins were not in fashion, as the diner is directed to wipe his fingers in his tippet or his shirt:

"Cleanse not thy teeth at meat dining With knife or fork, stick nor wand. While thou dost hold meat in thy mouth beware To drink, lest it be unbecom'd cheer; And also phlegm forthwith it.

"And say thou may be choked by that bit; If so thy wrong throat into. And stop thy wind, thou art false."

"Don't let scandalous talk at table, don't stroke the cat. Avoid fouling the board with thy knife. Blow not on the meat, nor cut with thy knife. Wipe not thy teeth with the board cloth. Lean not on thine elbow, nor dip thy thumb into thy drink."

"Dip not thy fish or meat into the salt-seller. Spit not in the basin where thou wastest after meat, nor spit like a vagabond at any time."

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* gives the following pen-and-ink sketches of prominent literary people:

"Emerson looks like a ruined farmer, meditative and quiet; Longfellow like a good-natured beef-eater; Holmes like a ready-to-laugh little body wishing only to be 'as funny as he can.' Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome; Beecher, a ruddy, rolling body. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers; and thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American 'female' literature, in her prime (if we may believe her portrait) was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely; Mrs. Beecher Stowe, so ordinary in looks that she has been referred to Mrs. Stowe's 'Bridley.' Mrs. E. P. Ellet looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong; so has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been New York belle. Francis S. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful; Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite, unless her picture fits. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean, we find Madam De Staël was a sight; but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Landon pretty; Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, really beautiful. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in physique, is angular; and though she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggestive of a tombstone. Charlotte Bronte has a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But, if we look at British men of first-class craniums, Shakespeare and Milton were handsome. Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so were Goldsmith and Pope. Addison was tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay is homely; Bulwer, nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome, but, covered with jewelry, he can but look like a simpleton.

Not many years since (says *Fraser's Magazine*) certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and, for awhile, till it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there, the image of a fine sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death; the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized his face; a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgot. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people of course who were looking on; a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work it is to get up coal, or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment unmet for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago; but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

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